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of the shattered Soissons area, moments by the graves of fallen Americans, or hours of solemnity or of cheer spent with the hardy doughboy,—all is pervaded with the tone of fine reflection and an undaunted faith in the ultimate victory of the right. Without a note of cant, the religious life of the soldier is shown in all its manly strength and dignity, and even its rough and homely simplicity. No one who reads the book can lay it down without a finer faith in the things that are “unseen, but eternal.”

The author looks beyond the narrow limits of national feeling and prejudice, and in the application of pure and vital religion to the problems of men sees the only means that can permanently mend a broken world, and thus secure the worthy and enduring type of internationalism which selfish commercialism, racial strife, and cunning diplomacy can never establish.

ROBERT C. BEALE.

LIGHT. By Henri Barbusse. Translated by Fitzwater Wray. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The author of *Under Fire* would have done better to call the book under consideration *Darkness* rather than *Light*, for, as he says somewhere in it, it plunges us into a veritable night of foul dreams, of stress of soul, of dark imaginings in its perusal.

But is the world of *Light* the world of the poilu? Has Mr. Barbusse given us a true account of the workings of the souls of the men who fought the Hun for France? Has he not rather given us a poilu draped in the sombre garments of his own destructive pessimism?

This is not the place to take issue with Mr. Barbusse in regard to his political views in so far as they are his. It is possible that he may see hope for humanity in the dismal policy of destruction which he sets forth. He has, therefore a perfect right to print his views, but he should be careful to present them as his own, and he must not in the name of literature present them as emanations from the souls of the men of France. When it has been said that “Literature is Life,” it has been meant that literature shows us men thinking and feeling and acting *truly*, that is, in accordance with the thoughts and feelings and acts of

living men in the environment and under the circumstances selected by the author. The latter cannot "make" these men do anything or feel anything or think anything. He must be content to *show* us what *they* do or feel or think. When he allows himself to do the first, he becomes a propagandist instead of a maker of literature. This is how Mr. Barbusse has failed in *Light*. For Simon Paulin is merely Henri Barbusse, and Henri Barbusse is not showing us the soul of a poilu, but is preaching to us a gospel of anarchy that originates in his own soul.

He himself, no doubt, does not call it anarchy, because he feels that out of the darkness he has pictured, there will come light. But light cannot come out of darkness; it can only come instead of darkness. If it seem to spring from darkness, this is only because of certain elements of light that lie hidden in the darkness and are not of it. Mr. Barbusse does not point for us, or let Simon Paulin discover for us, any of these elements. In the darkness which he has created for us there are shadowed forth only gloomy negations. There is no body of wisdom or science, there is no moral law, there is no religion, there is no God—"We are in a great night of the world." It is a good thing for civilization that this night has existed in the mind of Mr. Barbusse rather than, as he would have us believe, in the souls of the men of France, else there would have been no Marne or Verdun or Château-Thierry, and "They," to whom the author so constantly but vaguely alludes, as grinding the face of humanity, would now reign supreme not only in France but in all civilization.

SHINING FIELDS AND DARK TOWERS. By John Bunker. New York: John Lane Company.

There is so little to be said against Mr. Bunker's volume of poems, and after reading it one is so certain that Mr. Bunker himself must be a charming and companionable person that it seems singularly ungracious to withhold a critic's praise.

Glancing through the pages of his book, one is pleasantly reminded of the great and familiar dead,—the Elizabethans, Herrick and Francis Thompson. It is clear that Mr. Bunker loves